



A Fawcett Publication

NO. 132
MAY

Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

10¢



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MARVEL**

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CHALLENGE WHEN HE
BATTLES

FLOOD

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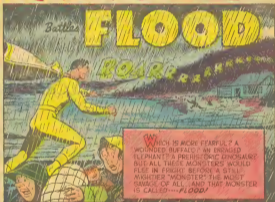
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. J. Fawcett, Jr., President

Captain MARVEL



WHENVER BILLY BATSON TAKES HIS NEWSCASTER, SAYS THE WORD "SHAZAM!" HE IS MIRACULOUSLY CHANGED INTO POWERFUL CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MOST MIGHTY HERO! AND COULD BE HIS ASSISTANT! PROTECT THE HEROES OF ALL TIME!



WHICH IS MORE FEARFUL? A WOUNDED BUFFALO? AN ENRAGED ELEPHANT? A PREHISTORIC DINOSAUR? BUT ALL THESE MONSTERS WOULD FLEE IN FRIGHT BEFORE A STILL MIGHTIER "MONSTER" THE MOST SAVAGE OF ALL... AND THAT MONSTER IS CALLED... FLOOD!



CAPT. MARVEL

A GENTLE RAIN PATTERS DOWN SOFTLY...GOOD FOR THIRSTY CROPS AND SWELTERING CITIES!

BUT THE RAIN CONTINUES AND BECOMES HEAVIER BY THE HOUR! THE PARCHED GROUND ABSORBS ALL IT CAN! THEN A TRICKLE FORMS, SEEKING SOME PLACE TO GO!

MANY TRICKLES SOON SPILL EAGERLY INTO NEARBY STREAMS! THE STREAMS SWELL GREEDILY AND THE WATER NOW HAS A VOICE--A LOW, STEADY GURGLE!

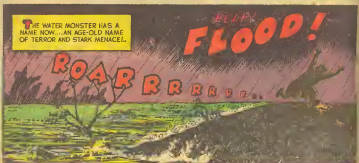


THE STREAMS POUR THEIR RAMPAGING WATERS INTO THE RIVERS, AND THE GURGLE QUICKLY BECOMES AN ANGRY ROAR!

BEFORE LONG, THE RIVER BANKS CAN NO LONGER CONTAIN THE TORRENT AND AN EVER-GROWING MONSTER SURGES FORTH IN QUEST OF PREY!



THE WATER MONSTER HAS A NAME NOW...AN AGE-OLD NAME OF TERROR AND STARK MENACE!



CAPT. MARVEL

THE GRIM NEWS WINGS OUT SWIFTLY OVER THE COUNTRY! AT RADIO STATION WHIZ, BOY BROADCASTER BILLY BATSON FLASHES IT TO HIS STUNNED AUDIENCE!



FLOOD HAS STRUCK IN THE UPSTATE PLAINS! IT IS FEARED MANY LIVES ARE IN DANGER! ALL RELIEF AGENCIES THAT CAN HELP ARE URGED TO SPEED TO THE SCENE!

...CAPTAIN MARVEL, WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL, PLEDGED TO AID ALL THOSE IN TROUBLE!

AFTER THE BROADCAST, BILLY WASTES NO TIME IN SENDING HIS OWN SPECIAL AID!

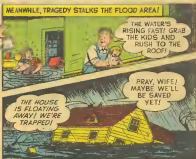


FARMS INUNDATED! CITIES THREATENED! LIVES IN DANGER! SO.... SHAZAM!

IN ANSWER TO THE MYSTIC NAME MAGIC LIGHTNING THUNDERBOLTS DOWN AND BILLY IS GIVEN HIS OTHER FORM OF...



TO THE FLOOD AREA, TOP SPEED!

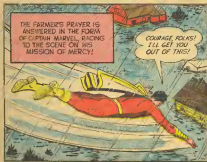


MEANWHILE, TRAGEDY STALKS THE FLOOD AREA!

THE WATER'S RISING FAST! GRAB THE KIDS AND RUSH TO THE ROOF!

PRAY, WIFE! MAYBE WE'LL BE SAVED YET!

THE HOUSE IS FLOATING AWAY! WE'RE TRAPPED!



THE FARMER'S PRAYER IS ANSWERED IN THE FORM OF CAPTAIN MARVEL, RACING TO THE SCENE ON HIS MISSION OF MERCY!

COURAGE, FOLKS! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS!



YOU'LL BE SAFE ON THAT HIGH GROUND!

THANKS, CAPTAIN MARVEL!

CAPT. MARVEL

MEANWHILE, THE FLOOD, NOW A BOILING TORRENT OF VIOLENCE SMASHES ALL IN ITS WAY WITH INSANE FURY!

BRIDGE OUT!
STOP!

CRASH

AND
BEFORE
LONG...

HELP!

TALK ABOUT
ROBINSON CRUSOE!
THIS IS A WHOLE
TRAINLOAD OF PEOPLE
MAROONED IN THE
MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!

EASY, LADY!
YOU'LL BE
ALL RIGHT!

I CAN'T FLY YOU ALL
AWAY! I'LL REPORT THIS
AND RESCUE WILL
BE ON ITS WAY!

BUT IT WILL
BE TOO LATE FOR
MY HUSBAND! HE'S
SICK--DYING! HE
NEEDS HOSPITAL
CARE!

THEN HOSPITAL
IT IS FOR
HIM, MAM!

BLESS YOU,
CAPTAIN MARVEL!

HOSPITAL

THE DOCTOR SAID HE'D LIVE! NOW TO
REPORT THE MAROONED TRAIN! THEY
TOLD ME TO LOOK FOR FLOOD
RELIEF HEADQUARTERS IN
THE CENTER OF TOWN!

WE'LL SEND HELP TO THE STALLED
TRAIN! I'M CHARLES JOHNSON,
CHIEF OF FLOOD RELIEF
HEADQUARTERS! THE
FLOOD CREST HASN'T
REACHED HERE YET--BUT
WE'RE READY FOR IT!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE
ALREADY ORGANIZED
TO FIGHT IT WHEN
IT COMES?



YES! ALL THESE VOLUNTEER WORKERS ARE READY TO HANDLE THE EMERGENCY! WE'RE GOING TO KEEP DANGER AND DAMAGE DOWN TO A MINIMUM! WE'RE IN DIRECT CONTACT WITH ALL PARTS OF THE CITY!



COUNT ME IN ON THIS! CAN YOU USE AN EXTRA MAN?

CAN WE? BROTHER, EVERY HELPING-SAND IS NEEDED! THIS WILL BE A FIGHT TO THE FINISH AGAINST A MERCILESS ENEMY!



FLOOD TIDE IN RIVER ENTERING CITY NOW! DYKE STATION FIVE REPORTS TWENTY FEET!

WE'RE SAFE UNTIL THE WATER REACHES THE TOP OF OUR DYKES--THIRTY-FIVE FEET!

THIRTY-FOUR FEET! WILL IT GO UP ANOTHER FOOT? CAN THE DYKES HOLD UP? WILL THE FLOOD POUR OVER THEM?



TENSE MINUTES DRAG BY AND SUSPENSE MOUNTS AS OMINOUS REPORTS KEEP COMING IN!

HOLY MOLEY! IT'S LIKE WAITING FOR AN ENEMY ATTACK IN WAR!



AND SUDDENLY--THE DISASTER!

THIRTY-FIVE FEET AT DYKE STATION SEVEN! POURING OVER!

THIS IS IT! ATTENTION, DYKE CREW RESERVES! RUSH MEN AND SANDBAGS TO STATION SEVEN!



CAPTAIN MARVEL JOINS THE GRIM RACE AGAINST DISASTERS!

I'LL HUSTLE ON AHEAD!



LOOK OUT BELOW! SANDBAGS AWAY!

CAPTAIN MARVEL! JUST IN TIME!

CAPT. MARVEL

BUT THE MAD ONSLAUGHT OF THE BOILING
WATERS IS NOT TO BE STAYED, AND....



CAN'T SAVE THE DYKE,
BUT I CAN HOLD IT
FOR A MOMENT OR
TWO, WHILE
EVERYONE
GETS AWAY!



THE DYKE SYSTEM IS BREAKING DOWN! THAT MEANS A
FLOOD FOR THE WHOLE CITY! I'D BETTER GET BACK
TO HEADQUARTERS!



ATTENTION,
BOAT BRIGADE!
PREPARE TO PICK
UP PEOPLE
MAROONED IN
BUILDINGS!

THAT'S
SOMETHING I
CAN HELP AT!
WHAT'S THIS
BOAT BRIGADE?



ALL OF US WHO
OWN BOATS OF ANY
KIND VOLUNTEERED TO
PICK UP PEOPLE!

GREAT!



THIS PHASE WE CALL **OPERATION
RAINBOW!** BUT THE BOATS WILL
TAKE MANY HOURS TO RESCUE
EVERYBODY! MEANWHILE, OUR
AIRLIFT WILL DROP FOOD AND
SUPPLIES TO THOSE WAITING!
CAPTAIN MARVEL, MAYBE YOU
CAN GUIDE THEM TO THIS
LIST OF ROOFTOPS!

SURE
THING,
CHIEF!





CAPT. MARVEL



BOON



CAPTAIN MARVEL DIVES UNDERWATER AND....

REVIVED BY CAPTAIN MARVEL, FLOOD RELIEF HEADQUARTERS CARRIES ON ITS MAGNIFICENT JOB AGAINST DEMON FLOOD UNTIL, FINALLY COMES THE THRILLING CRY THAT ANNOUNCES THE END OF THE ORDEAL!



THE WATERS VANISH! A HOT SUN BEAMS DOWN! THE RAGING MONSTER CALLED FLOOD WINDLES TO A TRICKLE, WITH ONLY A FLEECY CLOUD LEFT IN THE SKY! SUCH WAS THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF A FLOOD!



BIGGER! AND BIGGER!

AND BIGGER!

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HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:
SECRET CODE FINDER
OFFICIAL CLUB BUTTON
MAGIC MEMBERSHIP CARD

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Famous Name Crestmark Card.

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Place yourself on as a member of the upping CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB. I've been 12 1/2 in size so always in case the cost of making. Also I understand that I am to receive my CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB CARD which contains the secret code and the CAPTAIN MARVEL MEMBERSHIP BUTTON along with many other surprises.

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and The EXCUSE



JUST ONE HUNDRED TIMES MORE, FREDDY, AND THEN YOU CAN RELAX ON THE PARALLEL BARS!

ONE HUNDRED TIMES MORE! IF I LIFT THEM ONCE MORE, THEY'LL BE CARRYING ME OUT OF HERE ON A STRETCHER!



HEY, AL, HOW DID YOU GET OUT OF DOING YOUR GYM WORK?

YOU HAVE TO USE YOUR BRAINS, FREDDY! THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!

LOCKERS



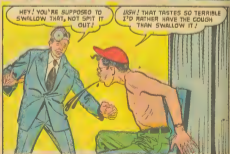
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, USE YOUR BRAINS?

IF YOU DON'T FEEL WELL, THEY EXCUSE YOU SO I PRETENDED TO BE SICK AND THE DOCTOR EXCUSED ME FROM GYM WORK!

CAPT. MARVEL



CAPT. MARVEL





WELL, I'M NOT EXCUSED YOU FROM GYM FOR ANY LITTLE COUGH!

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL, DOC! I THINK I HAVE A FLOATING KIDNEY!



NO WONDER! YOU HAD YOUR HAND ON MY WRIST WATCH!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF WEARING BLUE VENETIAN BLINDS?



THAT'S EASILY FIXED! I'LL TATTOO AN ANCHOR ON YOUR BACK SO IT CAN'T FLOAT!

THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER, DOC!



THOSE ARE MY RIBS! I'M COLD! IN FACT, I'M A PERFECT PHYSICAL WRECK! IF YOU'D ONLY GIVE ME A THOROUGH EXAMINATION, YOU'D SEE FOR YOURSELF!

OKAY, FREDDY! I'LL GIVE YOU A THOROUGH EXAMINATION!



IF YOU DON'T THINK I'M SICK, FEEL MY PULSE!

IT'S AS STEADY AS A CLOCK!



THAT'S RIGHT, FREDDY! YOU'VE GOT TO LIFT THEM TWO HUNDRED TIMES MORE! I'M FOLLOWING THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS!



SEE, FREDDY, I'M SORRY FOR YOU THAT YOU COULDN'T GET EXCUSED!

DON'T BE SORRY FOR ME! I'M SORRY FOR YOU!



IF YOU COULD GET AN EXCUSE FROM GYM FROM THAT DOCTOR, YOU'RE NOT SICK... YOU'RE DEAD!

???

CAPT. MARVEL

THE ANCIENT SECRET

By Eando Binder



AS HIS rocket ship arrowed down to the planet Pluto, Lieutenant Jon Jarl of the Space Police felt relaxed and at ease. For once he had an easy and pleasant assignment.

"Delivering the mail!" he said to himself. "What could be softer than that? I had rough going the past month, chasing down crooks and finding lost explorers. But this is a snap."

The regular mail ship had developed engine trouble and was docked for repairs back on Jupiter. They had appealed to the Space Police to carry through the mail. Headquarters had given Jon the Pluto run.

Jon landed on Pluto at the lonely outpost where just a few dozen men ran a space weather station. They were perhaps the loneliest men in the solar system, almost four billion miles from Earth. Mail to them was far more precious than gold. News from home, from wives and sweethearts and families.

"Mail call!" Jon called out cheerily—and was nearly trampled down in the rush. "Easy, men! One at a time, please. I'll hand out the mail as fast as I can."

Eager hands grasped their letters and ripped them open avidly. But one hand paused, holding a letter, without opening it. The man receiving the letter stood rooted in surprise.

"What's the matter?" queried Jon. "Something wrong with it?"

"Look at it!" gasped the man who was a bearded young scientist. "It's not for me."

Jon stared. "But isn't that your name—Rodrick Carlton?"

"Yes, but look at how old and yellowed the envelope is," returned Carlton, "And look at the postmark date."

Jon looked and gasped. "1975? But jumping Jupiter! This is the year 2261!"

"And that letter was addressed to a Rodrick Carlton who was my great-grandfather eight times removed!" added the young man. "Where has this letter been all that time?"

Jon shrugged, with a wry grin. "You know the Post Office! Every once in a while, a letter gets lost and kicks around for years before it finally reaches the right party. But this

breaks all records—a letter lost in the shuffle for almost three centuries! Well, open the letter and see who wrote what to your ancestor way back in the twentieth century."

Carlton opened the fragile envelope carefully. It almost fell apart with age. The paper inside was firmer and better preserved. Reading it, the young man frowned, and then handed it over to Jon with a bewildered face.

"Gibberish!" he said. "Just a scribble of nonsense!"

Jon stared at the sheet. It was half covered with writing, but all in a jumble of words that made no sense whatsoever. There were no clear sentences, and it was unsigned at the end.

"Drivel," agreed Jon. "But there must have been some purpose to writing and mailing it. I just wonder—could this be a cryptogram, or coded message of some sort? Was someone trying to get across a secret message?"

"Buried treasure or something!" echoed Carlton, suddenly excited. "Maybe it was that." He turned. "Hey, Jonas! You're our cryptogram expert. See if you can decipher this coded message."

Jonas Krotkin, code expert, came forward, a small dark man with a high domed forehead and shrewd eyes. He squinted for a long moment at the letter and shook his head. "Can't make it out. How old is this message?"

Carlton handed him the envelope. Krotkin stared, and let out a whistle of astonishment. "Postmarked 1975! Let me take the letter to my room to study it. It may take me hours to break a code way back from 1975. Give me six hours. Don't disturb me as I'll have to concentrate."

Jon stayed on Pluto. He was allowed an overnight stay and rest before returning to duty in space. Six hours later he was with Carlton as he knocked on Krotkin's door. There was no answer.

"Must be concentrating hard," Carlton said. "Well, we'll just walk in and see if he got anywhere."

The room was empty! Puzzled, Carlton and Jon went through the huge outpost, but found no sign of Krotkin anywhere.

CAPT. MARVEL

"Out to the space hangar!" Jon snapped. "If one of your ships is missing—!"

A ship was missing! Jon turned to Carlton. "There's only one answer to this. Krotkin did decipher the message and found it led to some kind of treasure. But instead of turning it over to you, the rightful owner, he skipped to get the treasure himself!"

"The low-down crook!" swore Carlton. "Get him, Lieutenant! Track him down!"

Jon was already running to his own ship. "Right, Carlton," he yelled back. "I'll get him."

But Jon's job was not easy. Krotkin had a start of perhaps hours. And which way had he gone into wide open space. Jon circled in wide sweeps. Finally, his Ultra-violet detector picked up the faint trail of rocket smoke left by Krotkin's ship. Then Jon shoved his ship to top speed, following the smoke by instrument. Luckily, Krotkin was not an experienced criminal or he would have shut his rockets off here and there to break the trail.

It was near Saturn that Jon overhauled the slower ship. Krotkin evidently spotted him coming, by radar, for he suddenly swung off to land at Rhea, moon of Saturn. Would the fool make a wild run for it into nearby woodland, filled with savage Rhean monsters? Jon had his doubts.

Jon landed nearby and started searching for footprints around the other ship, to see which way Krotkin had run. He knelt at marks in the ground. But Krotkin had not run away. He was hidden in the hold of the ship. He crept out behind Jon and aimed a ray-gun at the uniformed figure.

But Jon suddenly whirled and shot the gun out of his hand, grinning. "Did you think you fooled me, Krotkin? I knew you were too intelligent to run like an idiot into the wilds. I knew you were hiding in the ship and I only pretended to kneel so I could watch for you out of the corner of my eye. I arrest you in the name of the law, for attempted theft of Carlton's treasure. What is it and where is it?"

"You'll never know!" snarled Krotkin. With an evil grin, he ripped the purloined ancient letter to shreds. "Now Carlton can't decipher the code. But I memorized the directions. You

can put me in jail for a few years, but when I get out, I'll still get the space treasure for myself! Figure a way out of that if you can, Copper!"

On the way back to earth, with Krotkin his prisoner, Jon muttered helplessly to himself. Krotkin had cleverly won after all. The secret of the treasure was locked in his mind alone. He alone would reap. All Jon could jail him for was larceny. Nobody could force Krotkin to give up his stolen secret.

Suddenly, Jon sat up. "Wait a minute! 1975? Why, that was the year space travel first started, on Earth. The first rocket trip to the moon and back occurred in 1975. And that first space flight carried honorary mail only. That is, there was nobody on the moon to receive mail. But stamp collectors were allowed to send mail to the moon and back, purely as a stunt. That's why the letter was gibberish. Roderick Carlton of 1975 merely scratched any old thing down, and mailed the letter back to himself. Or maybe he let one of his kids scribble it. Anyway, the letter itself was meaningless, just something to fill the envelope."

KROTKIN turned pale as Jon snatched the ancient envelope out of his pocket. "What you wanted was not the letter, but this stamp. Only a few rare copies exist today, centuries after it was printed. And this stamp is catalogued at one hundred thousand dollars! That's the 'treasure' you instantly spotted when Carlton handed you the letter."

Snarling in rage, Krotkin tried to grab the envelope and stamp away, but Jon's hard fist hurled him into a corner.

"You almost got away with it, Krotkin. But you were dumb to keep pretending it was a space treasure. You see, space wasn't really explored fully until 1976 and later. How could a letter of 1975 tell of treasure on other worlds—before anybody ever reached them?"

THE END

Don't miss the exciting exploits of JON JARL in each issue of CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES!

CAPT. MARVEL

Captain MARVEL and

THE MAN WHO NEVER SAW CAPTAIN MARVEL



△ CRIMSON FORM FLASHES THROUGH THE AIR! MIGHTY MUSCLES PERFORM BLAZING DEEDS OF HEROIC ACTION! POWERFUL BLOWS FROM HAMMERING FISTS STRIKE AGAINST CRIMINALS! THAT ALL ADDS UP TO CAPTAIN MARVEL IN ACTION, ALWAYS AN UNFORGETTABLE SIGHT TO HARSH WITNESSES! BUT THERE WAS ONE MAN WHO YEARNED WITH ALL HIS HEART TO SEE CAPTAIN MARVEL --- AND NEVER COULD!

ONE OF THE GREATEST BEAUTIES IN ALL THE WORLD IS THE DELICATE LOVELINESS OF FLOWERS!

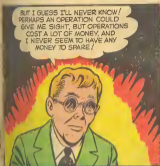


BUT TO FLOWER DEALER JOHN CRANE, THEY ARE NEVER MORE THAN A FADING FRAGRANCE!

AH, THEY SMELL SO SWEET! THEY FEEL SO SOFT! I WISH I COULD KNOW WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE!



I AM BLIND
PLEASE
CO-OPERATE



BUT I GUESS I'LL NEVER KNOW! PERHAPS AN OPERATION COULD GIVE ME SIGHT, BUT OPERATIONS COST A LOT OF MONEY, AND I NEVER SEEM TO HAVE ANY MONEY TO SPARE!



FOOTSTEPS! A CUSTOMER!

HELLO, BILLY BATSON!



HELLO, MR CRANE! I NEED SOME FLOWERS FOR A TV SHOW! BUT HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU KNOW IT WAS ME BEFORE I EVEN SPOKE?

SIMPLE ENOUGH, BILLY! WHEN YOU'RE BUND, YOU DEVELOP EXTRA-SENSITIVE HEARING! I CAN RECOGNIZE PEOPLE BY THEIR FOOT-STEPS!



MY EARS SERVE AS EYES, MORE OR LESS! I HEAR A CAR GOING BY OUTSIDE! BY THE SOUND OF ITS MOTOR I KNOW IT'S A BUICK!

RIGHT! YOU CERTAINLY HAVE KEEN EARS, MR CRANE!



BUT IT DOESN'T ENTIRELY MAKE UP FOR MY LOSS OF SIGHT, BILLY! THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS IN LIFE I'D LIKE TO SEE! SUCH AS— EH? WHAT'S THAT STRANGE SOUND?

I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING!



THAT POLE! I CAN FAINTLY HEAR IT CRACKING! IT WAS HIT BY A CAR LAST WEEK, WHICH MUST HAVE WEAKENED IT! IT'S GOING TO FALL!

BUT IT'S STANDING PERFECTLY STRAIGHT, MR CRANE!



BUT A MOMENT LATER...

HOLY MOLEY! HE'S RIGHT! SHAZAM!

CAPT. MARVEL

MAGIC LIGHTNING
THUNDERS DOWN,
CHANGING BILLY
INTO HIS OTHER
FORM OF FAMED
CAPTAIN MARVEL!



THERE IS NO MORE THRILLING
SIGHT ON EARTH THAN THAT
OF THE WORLD'S MOST
MORTAL BLAZING INTO
ACTION!



NEARBY PEOPLE ARE ENTHRALLED TO SEE THE
POWERFUL GRACE OF THE RENOWNED HERO!



THE WATCHERS
ARE DAZZLED AT
THE SMOOTH
STRENGTH OF
HIS MIGHTY
MUSCLES!



DOZENS OF PAIRS OF EYES WITNESS THE FLASHING
DEED OF CAPTAIN MARVEL!



BUT ONE PAIR OF EYES
DOES NOT SEE!

ALL THIS IS HAPPENING
RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME...
AND I CAN'T SEE A THING!
CAPTAIN MARVEL'S THE ONE
PERSON I'VE ALWAYS
YEARNED TO SEE IN
ACTION!



HE MUST BE BIG
AND STRONG! I
WONDER WHAT
HE LOOKS LIKE?



OH, I FORGOT!
HE FLIES, TOO!
MAYBE HE HAS WINGS
BUT I GUESS I'LL
NEVER KNOW!



CAPT. MARVEL



CAPT. MARVEL

I COULD RECOGNIZE THEIR VOICES AGAIN, BUT I COULDN'T SEARCH A CITY FOR TWO VOICES! WAIT! THERE IS ONE OTHER SOUND BY WHICH I CAN TRACK THEM DOWN!

THE NEXT MORNING, AND EVERY MORNING FOR A WEEK...

STILL CLOSED! BUT WHERE IS MR. CRANE?

HE GOES TO CENTRAL SQUARE EVERY DAY, BILLY! I DON'T KNOW WHY!

CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!

LATER, DURING HIS LUNCH HOUR, BILLY VISITS CENTRAL SQUARE!

MR. CRANE, YOU'RE LOSING BUSINESS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

THIS IS THE BUSIEST TRAFFIC CORNER IN THE CITY! ALL CARS PASS THIS POINT SOONER OR LATER!

A MILLION CARS MAY GO BY, BUT WHEN ONE CERTAIN CAR PASSES, I'LL KNOW IT WITHOUT FAIL!

YOU CAN TELL CARS APART BY THEIR SOUNDS? INDIVIDUAL CARS?

CERTAINLY, JUST LIKE VOICES! WAIT—THAT CAR! IT'S THE CAR OF THE BANK ROBBERS! THERE THEY ARE!

ARE YOU SURE?

YES, THE BANK ROBBERS! GET THEIR LICENSE NUMBER, BILLY!

HEY, IT'S THAT BLIND GUY! HE'S PUTTING THE FINGER ON US! I'LL PLUG HIM!

HOLY MOLEY! SHAZAM!

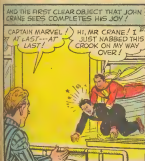
BEFORE THE SOAR OF GUNS, THERE IS A DRAFFENING BLAST OF MAGIC LIGHTNING!

BOOM!

ONCE MORE, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL GOES TO WORK!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

CAPT. MARVEL



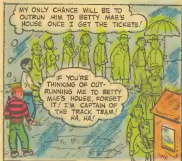
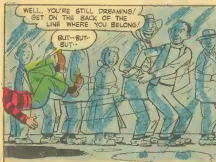


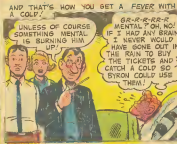
Captain Kid

TWO TICKETS TO NOWHERE!

BUT THERE IS A REASON! LET'S GO BACK TO YESTERDAY MORNING...







TYS IVZWS BLI GSV GSKOO LU Z ORUVGRNV RM
 MNCB NLMGGH RHHEV LU XZKGRM NZIEVO ZWEMSPH
 PSVA GSV GVIKYOY PRMT PPOO NSFIMH ZMW HBYZOH
 Z GSVINRSV YLNY ZOO VZKGS RH GSVINRSVWV GGRH
 RH Z KOLS G5ZS XGZOOVATVH VBVM XZKGRM NZIEVOH
 TINZS HBIWAT9S ZMW HKVIVW WLMG NRHH RG.

Captain MARVEL and THE DIZZY DERVISH DAY

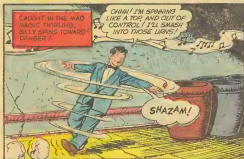


STERLINGS MORRIS AND BILLY BATSON OF STATION WHIZ, ON A VACATION CRUISE, HAVE STOPPED OFF IN THE PNICEN LAND OF TURKESTAN!

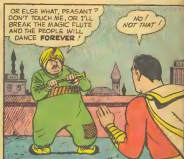
HOW DOES MY FEZ FIT? WE, BILLY?

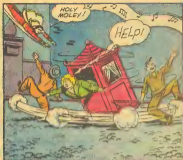
FINE, MR MORRIS! READY FOR THE TOUR?











I REMEMBER NOW! THE DERVISH DITTY HAS TO BE PLAYED **BACKWARDS**, WHILE DANCING AT HIGH SPEED! AND I'M TOO FAT TO DANCE!



SO YOU MUST PLAY THE DITTY BACKWARDS, PASHA MARVEL, WHILE DANCING THE DERVISH!

WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS?



JUST DO ME ONE FAVOR, SULTAN -- DON'T EVER TELL ANYBODY ABOUT THIS!

FASTER! AH, THIS DELIGHTS MY SOUL!



THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL DANCES THE WORLD'S FASTEST DERVISH!

WONDERFUL! MAGNIFICENT! PASHA MARVEL, YOU ARE THE BEST WHIRLING DERVISH IN HISTORY!



OOOOOO! I'LL BE DIZZY FOR A WEEK! DID IT WORK?

YES, THE PEOPLE HAVE STOPPED WHIRLING! IT'S ALL OVER!



I DESTROYED THE MAGIC FLUTE! NOW I CAN FREE YOU TWO! MY JOB IS DONE!

AHEM! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN, PASHA MARVEL, THAT YOU PROMISED TO DANCE THE DERVISH ALL DAY AND NIGHT FOR ME?



A PROMISE IS A PROMISE!

GAAA!



AND SO, FAR INTO THE NIGHT...

MAGNIFICENT! NEVER IN THE OLD DAYS DID I SEE A BETTER WHIRLING DERVISH!



JET PROPELLED ADVENTURE



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COMICS**

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BOYD

YOUNG
EAGLE

TEX
RITTER

HOPALONG
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BOB
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PICTURE
COMICS

LASH
LARUE

TOM
MIX

ROCKY
LANE

FAWCETT
MOVIE
COMIC

SOLDIER
COMICS

MARVEL
FAMILY

BOB
STEELE

CAPTAIN
MARVEL JR.

SIX-GUN
HEROES

MONTE
HALE

GABBY
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You don't even have to own a Daisy to win one of the 4 Free Trips to Red Ryder's Ranch or one of the 257 air rifles, trophy caps and medals—to be given as prizes in the thrilling DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST starting March 15, 1952, ending May 29, 1952! Just borrow a Daisy from a friend! Prizes to be awarded on the combined basis of best targets and special completion of Contest Sections! NRA MEMBER'S DIVISION shooters in this group will win the most VALUABLE PRIZES such as the 4 Red Ryder Ranch Trips, 100 Daisy

Defenders, 50 Daisy Pump Guns, 50 Daisy Red Ryder Carbines, Trophy Caps, Medals provided that they are paid-up Junior Members of NRA for 1952 OR if they send in APPLICATION FORM and 30-cent membership Fee WITH their Contest Targets before midnight, May 29, 1952! NON-NRA DIVISION: If you don't join NRA, you can shoot to win one of the 3 Daisy Defenders or one of the 50 Daisy Air Rifles (No. 155). Get ALL CONTEST FACTS NOW! Ask your Daisy Dealer or mail coupon for FREE CONTEST KIT—and start shootin' to WIN!

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Price: \$10.95 in Stock. Weight: 2.5 lbs. (without sling). Length: 30".

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FEED REPEATER

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